

Lady Red 1933

by Korpse_Infested_Karnival
(KIK)

The night was painted with silence and frost The pearly freckles of the sky's frozen tears had long passed since the noon reported snow storm, giving folks long enough to huddle back in their homes and keep tight the doors. However, flakes of white had densely populated the streets and brick monolith buildings of Rosemary Town, leaving any kind of transport to the sack til' the sun broke through and warmed out the chill holding brittle asphalt by the neck. All things halted and all processes ceased, businesses closing early and shops having to lock up prematurely. Fathers made their way home with a quick spring in their step and wives stopped idle chattering or shopping to do the same. The retrospect of the season was to prepare for its unconditional intolerance for all the inventions of the living. Once the cold bloomed like a poison flower, everything froze, almost quite literally, and folk had to survive by stocked means until it passed.

The old infamous boarding house '*Spirit of August*' wasn't any particular exception to this rule either. The drafts of frost perpetuated in negative fashion amongst the member elite partaking of its services, which slowed income quite dramatically, more so than the dry profits leaking so few in number for past weeks. Even the inventive cunning of the boarding house owner, Victoria, could do very little to sway the ever nearing red zone as bill collection became more and more a permanent element in her mind, her implosive worrying having an affect on all her employers as well. She would stay up well past the hours of twilight, tapping at papers, scratching out mathematical nuances, scavenging for any manner of spare income she could gather. The cold was not helping.

This night was no different. A grim silence, much like that found in a cemetery, spread across the alleys and streets of Rosemary as all were aiming to catch ample magnitudes of sleep. Cars were but like dormant, steel beetles, hunched over in their metal shells, only to be stirred when their engines should be cranked to life if the morning brought good fortune. Light was scarce, only available by the timid lampposts jutting out of the ground every few street corners, and there were no stars, but a veil of ash gray that swept up the glimmering candles and hid them from view.

On the flat yew floor of '*Spirit of August*,' the patron's tavern was saturated with a must warmth barricaded from the insensitivity of the weather, allowed to view the outside in safety from the rectangular pane window marking the entry to the "boarding house." Within, catered to by the only fire available of the bottom shelf floor, there was utterly no one there, save for two regulars whom had been part of the home since its business was made more official in the early years. The only ale to be sipped was by a brash, charcoal furred lupine wolf with a thick brush of hair and a lean, menial frame, offset only by his natural strength at being an ancient, canine predator. His name was Cabal, troubled youth of his earlier wolfhood but soon mustered up a reasonable career working for Lady Red, also known as Victoria Aberdeen.

It was not by chance that, at the barkeep's table, where all finances go in and out of August, that the top mistress was there herself. In fact, it had become a tenacious routine of the lapine, to seat herself so adamantly behind the keep's table and work with the finances until some manner of solution satisfied her enough to retire. Or, til' she exhausted herself. To this, other servitors of Victoria's welfare and security were easily concerned with her constant efforts to try and rectify what was, perhaps, the impossible, and so it was suggested that someone at least try to speak to her. Cabal, in his long time infatuation with the rabbit mistress, was quick to take the snub of fate or luck thrown his direction, hoping to beguile the

others that it was nigh more than a friendly favor.

For Cabal, doused in his beige tawny shirt and dapper earth colored slacks, it was hard not to be driven through the mind's jailed instinct when seeing her. Victoria was a rabbit of a rare and luxurious breed, so refined and precious it was a wonder they weren't aspects of royalty, appropriately dubbed the 'Red Wine Rabbits,' oft because of a timid russet shining through their fur, hues of either a merry rose or blushing pink encompassing the trails of their silk hairs. And were it not for the well kept bonnet of scarlet hair frocked behind her neck, the eye-shadow crisply applied to her slender brows, the lingerie and lace of whites, bloody reds, and violets caressing her supple frame, nor the lavish dresses which she wore in retrospect to her breed, it was by the very manner to which she carried herself that caused Cabal such degenerations of civil logic.

Cabal looked at Victoria and saw everything that was powerful. Cool, in control, decisive, cunning, directive, ambitious, intelligent. In this day and age, it was quite the chore to find a girl so profoundly educated and certain of herself, of one who demanded respect but also relinquished it with grace, who was coy and pretty, girlish and cute, yet womanly and mature, with the experience to be aware and what to avoid.

This buxom bunny had the mind and the curves that splattered the wolf's thoughts askew. She was the fruit that was perfectly ripe, not too young and not too old, but at that perfect and precise time when her form was like a dripping peach, and the lupine would not be ashamed to admit he would salivate over this woman.

So, in the earlier hours, Cabal was looking forward to spending more time with his Lady Red, by any means necessary, even if it were but a simple glance here and there and a question about who-paid-for-what last month there. Yet, as time pursued, the wolf realized just how important it was to Victoria to keep Spirit of August afloat. Every flip of acid bitten paper in near sepia drenched color brought another tug of sadness to the rabbit's features, her blue eyes retreating to corners of the tavern room, perhaps in an attempt for some meager solace. A sigh would pass her muzzle lips and she would click her teeth at the sight of an uncollected profit. A gentle mumble here, a whisper to herself in a rhetoric question that no one but herself could answer. Well off financial profits were more important to the rabbit than Cabal had first conceived. Or was it that at all?

She hadn't scrutinized much of his company. There was no distaste to his presence or no cold shoulder if he tried something in comfort. Victoria was simply consumed by her work, every axis and focus of her being to the papers which supplanted the table in copious degrees. This was all the more reason Cabal had found himself in awe around her. . . if not still lovestruck like a blithering puppy and its favorite chewtoy. She was adamant on finishing her business lest all her employers and patrons go to the cold without home or warmth.

There was a last swig of ale before an abrupt drop of the pen weaved its way through the dainty orchestrations of the Lady Red. A sigh of irritation and the utensil plopped off the keep's table and rolled sidelong down the front of the floor, as if trying to escape the efforts being used in its design. The inheritor of the Aberdeen name was not amused.

On cue, the retired wolf stretched out of his seat to pick up the pen, handing it back to the buxom lapine with a note to her irritation.

"You've been working awful hard, Victoria," said he, with proper formality to be allowed the use of her

first name. "Don't you think you should get some rest now?"

The rabbit had an unconditional calm that always saturated her moods, and though she was most likely ground with frustration, she represented none of it.

A glance to the wolf from her pristine blue eyes. "It's certainly not hard enough. Until payments start rolling back in like the Mother's Parade, there's still things to do, hon," said Victoria, with a commandeering, silky voice.

Cabal had returned to his previous seat and began sipping his drink again. "It's plenty. It's more than the rest of us could do. C'mon, you know this is just the winter hold-ups. Some one will slip up eventually," he said in his throaty tone, a chance to reassure her.

Victoria chuckled. "Yes, someone always does. But it's not on their end. Constantine guards have been trouncing around more of our stops. Arrests are becoming more frequent, leads lessened, uncollected bounties all to waste because their jailed by the enforcement," mused the rabbit, twitching one of her ears at the vocal of 'Constantine.'

"Up top," she tapped her brow meekly with a faint smile to Cabal, "they're getting wiser. I hate to say it, love, but we do leave a pattern. It's only taken them this long to dig it out,"

The wolf scratched a claw through the ruffle of his coarse hair. "What happened to all the interests? Weren't they exporting your brandy or something?" he offered, but in truth knowing it to be a dead solve. Victoria only affirmed this.

"All pulled out," she replied. "Set up shop in different cities, cut off all their leads that were here. They wanted a fresh start, and even tried to get me to do the same," she paused, and then scoffed, a tad angrily.

"Could you imagine?" she asked directly to Cabal. "Leave the August. Like it never even mattered. That's the difference between them and us. They get spooked a tad and run like dogs. . . no offense to you darling," she said with a wink to the lupine, who gave a subtle grin back.

"I'm beginning to wonder if they were simply paid off by the Constantine themselves." she mused further, whilst the lobo let off a gentle shrug.

"You're a strong woman, Victoria. I think as long as you're here the Spirit of August will remain. But, still. . ." he sort of trailed, catching a wind of the rabbit's attention.

"We can't stop worrying about you, ya' know? You're almost starting to look ill. You've lost that happy spark that lit up this place like the sunshine. Please, Miss Aberdeen, won't you at least consider taking a day off? Anything?" asked Cabal, near to pleading. The lapine was still writing out figures on the worn tone paper, but the direction of her ears lay the sign that she was still listening.

"Oh, don't say Miss Aberdeen, love, it makes me feel old. And I'm quite aware of what you and the others want me to do. What you all don't understand is that these problems don't go away when you rest. They're still there in the morning," she admonished lightly, causing Cabal to crumple his thin canine lips.

His silvery yellow eyes watched her hand move for a few moments, the ink manifesting itself over the paper in written numerical order as she solved equation after equation. He took his large wolfish hand

and then draped it over her cool hand, stopping her movement. She looked at him in almost affronted curiosity.

"Well, couldn't it go away for one night?" he queried earnestly, gazing at her eye to eye. He didn't know if this was more insulting to her than helpful, but it was worth the risk. Her constant suffering was distressing everyone, especially him.

Finally, she rasped a chuckle and rubbed her free palm over his, gently shaking her head. "Oh love," she started with a sigh, "what do you want, hm? You want me to go off on a stunning world vacation? Sleep a few days off and not worry about things? Head to the Ministry and say a few Hail Mary's and hope everything goes right?" said she with a great deal of skepticism administered to her features.

"It's simply not me, hon. It's my nature to work and overwork and overthink. 'The foolish rabbit who didn't count his carrots lost them all during winter.' That's something my father taught me. If I'm not on the mark, no one is, and that's how a business collapses."

Cabal smirked. Her sternness for work was more like steel than hidden motive. "Yeah. But what if you're like a sharp knife? A knife used often gets dulled, right? You keep this up, you'll be like a butter knife. . . or worse," he retaliated in a half joking manner. His persistence pried another sigh from the lapine.

He then looked to his mug of half-full amber hued brandy and lifted it up to his Lady Red. This was no small measure, mind you, for with the burden of the Constantine guard came a heavy tax increase to all sales of alcohol and such, and no lover of the sweet mead would give it away freely.

"Here, take a swig," offered Cabal, "helps get your mind off things."

Victoria chuckled and retreated her hands from Cabal's gentle touch, as though ale itself were but like that of hot cider.

"Oh, I know what it does, hon. Mind you I keep stockades of it in the cellars," she said in coy retort, humoring the wolf by taking the opaque mug. For some odd reason or the other, Cabal found his little bush tail wag somewhat and his eyes widen when she sipped at the beer, as if the rabbit had accepted some sort of profound gift or peace offering.

However, hence the amber waters touched her tongue, she retracted the glass and feverishly placed it back on the table, covering her muzzle lips with distaste.

"Oh, love, no, tell me you don't drink this. . ." intoned Victoria, the criticism of a connoisseur about her voice. Frowning, features pulled down, Cabal tilted his head in curiousness.

"What? What's wrong with it? You don't like it?" asked the puzzled wolf. Seemed a rather confusing reaction considering Victoria distributed this so frequently.

The rabbit shook her head, once again regarding the swig with a formula of revulsion. Suddenly, her focus drafted away from her papers, her inks, the bills and all lacking finances, caught up in the moment of finding something better than the beer.

"Love, I don't drink this poor-man's guzzle. That's why I'm always selling it," said she, cerulean eyes carefully watching the mug as if it would jump at her and try to slither down her throat.

"Come with me, you need to taste a real wine," commanded the wolf's Lady Red, gesturing for him to stand. Of course, the lupine was all at will to oblige, and stood as soon as the words left the buxom bunny's lips.

She opened the hutch that closed off the barkeep's table and held out her left arm for Cabal to take it. In these days, it was considered rude not to escort a lady of refined living standards to her desired destination, even a distance so menial as this. Without complaint (as this was a wish come true for the charcoal furred lupine), Cabal snugged his ligament around the rabbits own, quivering minutely as the softness of her plush fur dangled with his own toughened coat. He gulped droplets of salivation as the divine ladies' bust was quite visible from his angle, ample cleavage the sugar of the eye as it teased him in remote silence.

He rapidly hushed his body before he did something he'd regret.

Victoria led Cabal up to the higher levels of the "boarding house," past the area where the patrons made their stay and to the hall by which only authorized employees or personnel were allowed. It was far more garnished, with more ornately framed paintings hanging on the walls and wrapped by richly decorated carpets, each door also allowed its own personal plaque for the individual in question. Cabal was not shocked by it, he had been here before, but only on two occasions had he been inside Victoria's own room, so this was a rare treat indeed. She had shoved her unlocked door open, a glance to the wolf to keep him in directive follow, as there was no word of objection from him, his dreams dangling with reality.

The room of his Lady Red was somewhat a combination of both a living quarters and place of business. While portions of the chamber were lined with all that can be found in one's fancy standard of living (bed, bathroom, shelves of books and other personal belongings), there was a professional appearance to it as well, an oak desk situated with a lamp and stacks of cream paper in the off corner for whatever it was that plagued Victoria on a particular day. Releasing herself from Cabal's escorting grip with a timid gesture, the lapine gracefully went to her desk where she opened a compartment below its main threshold.

There, she pulled out a fine looking bottle of dark, nearly violet ebony liquid, which was half full from being previously poured from earlier occasions. No doubt it was an expensive wine, as it was sealed by a renowned winemaker's mark, and it was easy to conceive that Ms. Aberdeen had fermented it for a good long years. There was a silver tray lined with pearls that held several wine glasses, Victoria pouring just a bit of the liquid in two of them. She gestured for Cabal, holding one of the cups in mid-air with her lithe hand-paw.

"This is from the Merriblue Vineyard, 1877. This is what a real drink tastes like, hon," said the buxom bunny, Cabal stepping forward to take her offer. It was amusing, really, almost like a challenge, to see who had the better standard of taste in this day and age. With a smile, Cabal took a drink, and found his taste buds abruptly electrified by the strength and potency of the Merriblue flavor.

The lightly red-hued rabbit chuckled.

"Wow, this is good," proclaimed Cabal, looking at the dark liquid through the opaque framed crystal. "Where did you get this?" he then queried, aware that some wines were very rare, lost in Constantine raids when they outlawed alcohol in some states.

Victoria drank in a sip before answering. She had obviously forgotten about her increments of work. "Oh, from my father. He and my grandfather had outside friends who were wine makers. The Merriblue family happened to be one of them," she explained, licking her lips tenderly at the strong flavor.

"I know our trade made be head collector's here at Spirit of August, but I enjoy keeping the fermenting business alive. Gives you an obligation to quality, you know Cabal?" she asked, with the wolf still watching his own drink with interest.

He nodded in compliance. No, he wasn't very knowledgeable about making wine or any forms of alcohol, but he wanted to agree with his Lady Red.

Victoria placed her glass back to the silver tray amidst all the other crystal soldiers, walking to Cabal, suddenly embracing him and resting her head on his chest. Cabal almost drew back, but he had long since past the age of being a nervous little pup.

"Oh, love, what am I going to do here?" she asked numbly, gaze distant and ears tipped back sorrowfully. "Every year I have to go through this pattern of stocking and being thrifty. It's not like the old days where August flourished all year 'round," she said, whilst the wolf took his own wine glass and placed it on a nearby table.

"Things will turn around for the better, Lady V," cooed the lupine, "it'll just need some time. Everything does,"

Victoria blinked, taking her cool blue iris' to Cabal's silvery acid-yellow ones. "I don't know, hon. It gets harder and harder. I'm not sure how long we-"

Cabal suddenly interrupted, stopping her with a movement from his head. His brow became stern, but he kept that foolish, cheeky smile pasted over his muzzle.

"Forget about that. Forget about it tonight. Important thing right now is for you to get to bed. You never know, you might end up feeling better in the morning," he suggested impishly, having boldly wrapped one of his arms around Victoria's back in simple condolence.

"Now, c'mon," said he with a nudge, "let's get you to bed."

The rosy red furred rabbit held him there, refusing his movement, letting herself rise off the wolf's chest to look at him in a serious yet admiring kind of way. Her muzzle lips then went to his oil black nose, kissing it, a cool finger scratching Cabal under his chin.

"You have to come with me then," she whispered, in smooth expression, as though her request was but a very casual and simple one. Cabal paused, taken aback if nigh flabbergasted. What was that now? She just suggested that he. . . sleep with her?

It took a few moments for the words to roll into his head. All he could manage at first was a simple 'Uh,' which caused a short laugh from Victoria. But the groves of his primordial heart started to bloom. An influx of testosterone and mild adrenalin boiled through his veins, and civil minded aspect of his cognition began to steadily slip away. There was no need to be nervous, or rude, for that matter. He was not a child anymore, he was a fully matured wolf with seasoned experience in him, if a little off from Victoria herself (she was thirty, he had discovered). Cabal knew what she meant. All that was left was to

act upon it.

"Oh. Okay then," said he rather dully, transfixed to a daze. Victoria applied a few more scratches to his chin.

"Good boy, love. Be a sweet and get this dress off," she commanded again, a light notion of her fingers referring to the garment's backside. With a nod, the lupine took no hesitation, carefully using his claw to undo several tiny buckles which held the straps of the dress in place. As he did, he felt Victoria's fine rump press up against his loins, the tight buttocks sending alerting waves to his brain, causing his crotch to stir.

He rather bit his lower lip when the blood red tethers fell to the floor, which allowed view of Victoria's slender back and frame, the white frilled bra and panties ever so snugly clamped to her luscious hips and bosom. Her puff tail flicked a few times, and Cabal lightly shuddered as his eyes were allowed such an exposed view of his Lady Red, his tongue salivating as though about to bite into some juicy, dripping apple.

No doubt the rabbit woman felt Cabal's arousal through the fabric of his slacks, and she teased him further by giving a slight wiggle of the hips over it, applying pressure to the wolf's sensitive area. Finicky, the wolf took his palms and grasped the lapine's sides, as if to bring her closer, rubbing them in simultaneous, vertical motions. Yet again, the Red Wine Rabbit sighed, filled with desire, allowing heat and musk to engulf the air as both their temperatures rose dramatically. Her head slightly turned to meet Cabal's half-amused half-dumbfound expression, pricking him with her tender blue eyes.

"Quick. Get undressed," she rasped out, a trail of urgency roaming in her tone. Perhaps if it were not for her words, Cabal would have stood there in a hormone drenched haze, as he immediately snapped to and obliged to the buxom bunny.

Unlike her, the wolf had no reason to keep the integrity of his clothes intact, so he nearly ripped off his earthy colored shirt and threw it to some off direction, and undid his pants button to fling away his smudge assailed slacks, the boots next as he was eager to get rid of all forms of his clothing. Hence his briefs dislodged from his coarse charcoal furred frame, Cabal could all ready feel his body thanking him for the freedom, his wolfhood swinging out while he stretched his lean, wiry frame. He was very fortunate that his rabbit friend wasn't rubbing her buttocks over his member, otherwise he would have rammed her the second his flesh met her silk fur.

Neither of them needed nor desired words for what was ultimately programmed in their lust (and Cabal, his adoration and love). Victoria was leading here, for the moment, pulling Cabal along to the bed as her taut behind swung to and fro in a kind of dancer's grace (the lupine suddenly noting a detailed tattoo of a scarlet heart just above her puff tail). At bedside, Victoria fell to her back and rested her head gently on her massive pillows, eyeing the lupine with a smirk and a yearning glint in her eyes. He stood there momentarily, before preparing to crawl over her, until her stocking covered foot bolted out and stopped him by chest.

"Hold on there, love," said she flirtatiously, and if not a tad shakily, "you work for me, hon."

Pausing, the lupine cocked an eyebrow, bemused. Victoria then gestured to the graces of her supple form, nearly winking at him.

"So," said she quite lowly, "work for me."

Cabal could readily understand what she meant by those words, or, at least, he hoped he did. Steadily, he began to grope and stroke her body in a timid display of foreplay, taking his paw-hands and caressing her finely shaped legs, easing through the cream stockings as his palms snatched a pinch at her buttocks. Getting to his knees on the bed, Cabal wore a wry grin and used his claws to scratch and tenderly tickle Victoria's sensitive spots, causing her to giggle remotely, pressing the wolf onward. He could feel his wolfhood starting to throb and grow harder as the seconds passed, so he doubted he could keep up much of this for long, yet, he pursued to be patient.

His flat, moist tongue suddenly landed on the rabbit's stomach as Cabal lowered his head, licking through the layers of russet fur, while his devious hands started to do away with the panties guarding Victoria's nether region. He nibbled and nipped at her sides, letting his sharp carnivore teeth gently scrape along her hips, nuzzling the buxom bunny's rump and just nosing past her clitoris as he bombarded her flesh with near misses and teases. His Red Lady moaned in cascading sonnets of pleasure, sensations of what was to come heating her blood, her thoughts going misty. Cabal retrieved a gasp from her when his finger stroked her nether lips in a loving tenderness, her sweet spot of the body, so to speak. He kept the knowledge to himself and positioned himself over her more comfortably, as he was prepared to make the final plunge.

The panties had been discarded, and now the wolf wished for his Lady Red to be completely bare. He began to flick off the frilled bra that held perhaps Victoria's most fruitful of prizes, the garments unhinging revealing the womanly mantle that beckoned him forth so dearly. He could only lick his lips in want as he tucked a kiss on one of the hot pink mountains poking out of the bunny's luxurious fur, cupping the other with his hand as he was dearly obsessed over the two. He felt the rabbit's cool hands find his back and beginning to massage the area, calling his wolfhood, bringing him closer.

He dared not fight his or her wishes any longer. His member found the tuck of her lower region and pushed at it, making Victoria groan. The simple nudge allowed a bullet shock of ecstasy to electrify the tip of his shaft, and, slowly, with tedious enjoyment, he began to thrust his way inside her, a single, sliding movement that was made just a chance easier by Victoria's juicy inner walls. Cabal made a low gasping sound that represented his pleasure, the rabbit woman doing the same with a quick lapine 'yip' as their genital heat seared through each other like a sexual flame of desire.

"Ahh. . ." cried out Cabal's Lady Red, her blue eyes now hidden from view as her eyelids were clamped shut.

This prompted yet another slow shove from the wiry lupine, the fiery silk of Victoria's insides a rapture within another. Copious degrees of their sex were beginning to drip from the steady rocking now forming in between the two, one press of Cabal's genital letting out tiny streams of translucent liquid that represented this erotic yet tender moment. The progress began to grow faster now, lusty desires overriding the sexual play in order to achieve but a few seconds of bodily paradise: an orgasm, a feeling so addictive it was but the narcotic of the clay and fur form.

Adding to his hunger, the lupine let his hands cup and squeeze the rabbit's bountiful mantle, tugging and pressing at her breasts with a predatory hunger as his lips found her nipples, sucking on each in sequence with delightful taste. They gave juvenile bounces and the Red Wine Rabbit still let off a few grunts of affirmed interest, a sign that she was enjoying just as much as he. Indeed, Cabal was discovering that most of his love's body was a carnal heaven, nearly every inch of her delicious frame a new benefactor to add to the sensations.

Eventually, Cabal let loose his orgasm. Though short it was, the wolf had found his hunger to be too great a thing to hold back for long, as the inner walls of his Lady Red were far too moist and tight to resist retracting such wondrous feelings from. Fortunately for him, mistress Victoria had great control over her body, and was able to comply with Cabal's relatively early ejaculation.

Hot, seething sex poured between the two, the exhausted wolf flattening himself to the plush rabbit's fur, breathing heavily, whilst on the other hand, she was not. She chuckled at the wolf's weariness, surprised to see such a lack of stamina from a refined lupine creature, but alas, not all things were perfect. She kissed him once on the forehead, stroking the ruffles of his coarse black hair.

"You're a little too much like the jackrabbits at home, hon," said she jokingly, perhaps embarrassing the lupine somewhat at his uncontrolled physical desires.

"But even so," she continued through the wolf's pants, "maybe we'll have more time to practice tomorrow."

At that, the wolf raised his head somewhat, a crinkled smile forming on his muzzle lips.

"Nnh? Ya' mn it?" said he in half mumbles, his wolfish metabolism suddenly racketing him with newfound exhaustion. Victoria winked once more, and nodded.

"Of course, love. As long as you promise not to drink that poor-man's swill anymore,"

He blinked. He didn't think that she was serious, but if it was for the betterment of herself and the Spirit of August, he would certainly do so.

"Promise. . ." he rasped, before shifting himself to a more comfortable position and slowly and tediously sailing off to sleep.

That night, his dreams were drenched with vineyards, wine, and his Lady Red, as they shared every bottle of finely fermented drink to the sun would wake him anew.

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